the same benefits he got from the House? He said he didn't care about the house, or the cars either. He'd done a lot of things before becoming a support worker. He'd rebuilt cars and renovated houses. I really didn't know him very well. I said I hoped he was right, if it meant knowing bad things about him.

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I remember our final conversation. It started with Adam agreeing to have a coffee with me for a change. This time he made it himself. He made mine strong, the way I liked it. He made his own strong too, probably because he intended to stay late and he was already tired. I remember him showing me the heaping tablespoon of dark instant coffee mix at the bottom of the Styrofoam cup, asking if it was OK. I got the pitcher of milk out of the fridge. He added a lot to his coffee, and drank it all at once. He'd never get used to it. It was bitter. He shook his head. We went upstairs into the office. Adam grabbed the bottle of painkillers that was in its usual place, beside his Ray-Bans on the mantle. He took some tablets with a swig from the water bottle in the same place. His knees were bothering him. He was still wearing shorts, I think for the last time that year, maybe ever. His knees looked puffy and sore. It was Friday. He'd been shopping.

I must have said something about my shifts, probably that I